Boult. To night, to night, but Miſtreſſe, doe you know the French Knight that cowtes i'th hams?

Baud. Who, *Mounſier Veroles*?

Boult. I, he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation, but he made a grone at it, and ſwore he would ſee her to morrow.

Baud. Well, well, as for him he brought his diſeaſe hither, here he doth but repaire it, I know he will come in our ſhadow, to ſcatter his crownes in the ſunne.

Boult. Well, if we had of euery Nation a traueller, we ſhould lodge them with this ſigne.

Baud. Pray you come hither a while, you haue Fortunes comming vpon you, make me, you muſt ſeeme to doe that fearefully, which you commit willingly, deſpice, profit where, you haue moſt gaine, to weepe that you liue as you do, make pitty in your louers ſildome, but that pitty begets you a good opinion, and that opinon a meere profite.

Mar. I vnderſtand you not.

Boult. O take her home miſtreſſe, take her home, theſe bluſhes of hers muſt be quenche with ſome preſent practiſe.

Mari. Thou ſayeſt true yfaith, ſo they muſt, for your Bride goes to that with ſhame, which is her way to goe with warrant

Boult. Faith ſome do, and ſome do not, but Miſtreſſe, if I haue bargaind for the ioynt,

Baud. Thou maiſt cut a morſell off the ſpit.

Boult. I may ſo.

Baud. Who ſhould deny it?

Come young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. I by my faith, they ſhall not be changed yet.

Baud. *Boult* ſpend thou that in the Towne, report what a ſojourner we haue, you'l loſe nothing by cuſtome. When Nature framed this peece, ſhe ment thee a good turne, therefore ſay what a parragon ſhe is, & thou haſt the harueſt out of thine owne report.

Boult. I warrant you Miſtreſſe, thunder ſhall not ſo awake the beds of Eeles, as my giuing out her beauty, ſtirs vp the lewdly enclined, Ile bring home ſome to night.

Baud

Baud. Come your waies, follow me.

Mari. If fiers be hot, kniues ſharpe, or waters deepe,
Vntide I ſtill my virgin knot will keepe.
Diana aide my purpoſe.

Baud. What haue we to do with *Diana*? pray you goe with vs. *Exit.*

Enter Cleon and Dionizia.

Dion. Why are you fooliſh, can it be vndone?

Cleon. O *Dionizia*, ſuch a peece of ſlaughter,
The ſunne and Moone nere lookt vpon.

Dion. I thinke you'l turne a childe againe.

Cleon. Were I chiefe Lord of all this ſpacious world, Ile giue it to vndo the deed. O Lady, much leſſe in blood then vertue, yet a Princeſſe to equall any ſingle Crowne of the earth, in the iuſtice of compare, O villaine, *Leonine* whom thou haſt poiſoned too, if thou hadſt drunke to him, it had beene a kindneſſe becomming well thy face, what canſt thou ſay, when Noble *Pericles* ſhall demand his childe?

Dion. That ſhe is dead. Nurſes are not the fates to foſter it, nor euen to preſerue, ſhe dide at night Ile ſay ſo, who can croſſe it, vnleſſe you pray the Innocent, and for an honeſt attribute, cry out ſhe dyde by foule play.

Cleon. O go too, well, well, of all the faults beneath heauens, the Gods do like this worſt.

Dionzia. Be one of thoſe that thinkes the pretty wrens of *Tharſus* will flie hence, and open this to *Pericles*, I do ſhame to thinke of what a Noble ſtraine you are, and of how coward a ſpirit.

Cleon. To ſuch proceeding, who euer, but his approbation added, though not his whole conſent, he did not flow from honourable courſes.

Dionzia. Be it ſo then, yet none doth know but you how ſhe came dead, nor none can know *Leonine* being gone. Shee